Dec. 25 N.P

THE

WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT

EDITOR - - SYLVIA PANKHURST.

CHRISTMAS, 1915.

Dec. 14

THE CAUSE OF LABOUR IS THE HOPE OF THE WORLD
A Merry Christmas & a Happy New Year,
With good luck to Labour, hand, heart, & brain:
Stick fast to your banner, stand solid, nor veer,
Till the cause of the Workers renews earth again.

GREETINGS FROM THE E.L.F.S.

TO _____

FROM _____

POEMS by MORRIS ROSENFELD, a Worker in an American Clothing Sweat Shop.

Written in Yiddish, and Translated by Rose Pastor Stokes and Helena Frank.

A MILLIONAIRE.

No, not from tuning-forks of gold
Take I my key for singing;
From upper seats no order bold
Can set my music ringing;
But groans the slave through sense of wrong,
And naught my voice can smother;
As flame leaps up, so leaps my song
For my oppressed brother.

And thus, the end comes swift and sure . . .
Thus life itself must leave me;
For what can these my brothers poor
In compensation give me,
Save tears for ev'ry tear and sigh?
(For they are rich in anguish).
A millionaire of tears am I,
And mid my millions languish.

IN THE FACTORY.

Oh, here in the shop the machines roar so lightly,
That oft, unaware that I am, or have been,
I sink and am lost in the terrible tumult;
And void is my soul . . . I am but a machine.
I work and I work and I work, never ceasing;
Create and create things from morning till e'en;
For what? And for whom? Oh, I know not!
Oh, ask not!
Who ever has heard of a conscious machine?

No, here is no feeling, no thought and no reason;
This life-crushing labour has ever suppressed
The noblest and finest, the truest and richest,
The deepest, the highest and humanly best.
The seconds, the minutes, they pass out forever,
They vanish, swift fleeting like straws in a gale.
I drive the wheel madly as tho' to o'rtake them,—
Give chase without wisdom, or wit, or avail.

The clock in the workshop,—it rests not a moment;
It points on, and ticks: Eternity—Time;
And once someone told me the clock had a meaning,—
Its pointing and ticking had reason and rhyme.
And this too he told me,—or had I been dreaming,—
The clock wakened life in one, forces unseen,
And something besides; . . . I forget what;
Oh, ask not!
I know not, I know not, I am a machine.

At times, when I listen, I hear the clock plainly;—
The reason of old—the old meaning—is gone!
The maddening pendulum urges me forward
To labour and labour and still labour on.
The tick of the clock is the boss in his anger!
The face of the clock has the eyes of a foe;
The clock—Oh, I shudder—dost hear how it drives me?
It calls me "Machine"! And it cries to me "Sew"!

At noon, when about me the wild tumult ceases,
And gone is the master, and I sit apart,
And dawn in my brain is beginning to glimmer,
The wound comes agape at the core of my heart;
And tears, bitter tears flow; ay, tears that are scalding;
They moisten my dinner—my dry crust of bread;
They choke me,—I cannot eat;—no, no, I cannot!
Oh, horrible toil; born of Need and of Dread.

The sweatshop at mid-day—I'll draw you the picture:
A battlefield bloody; the conflict at rest;
Around and about me the corpses are lying;
The blood cries aloud from the earth's gory breast.

A moment . . . and hark! The loud signal is sounded,
The dead rise again and renewed is the fight. . . .
They struggle, these corpses; for strangers, for strangers!
They struggle, they fall, and they sink into night.

I gaze on the battle in bitterest anger,
And pain, hellish pain wakes the rebel in me!
The clock—now I hear it aright; It is crying:
"An end to this bondage! An end there must be!"
It quickens my reason, each feeling within me;
It shows me how precious the moments that fly.
Oh, worthless my life if I longer am silent,
And lost to the world if in silence I die.

The man in me sleeping begins to awaken;
The thing that was slave into slumber has passed;
Now; up with the man in me! Up and be doing!
No misery more! Here is freedom at last!
When sudden: a whistle!—the Boss—an alarum!
I sink in the slime of the stagnant routine;—
There's tumult, they struggle, oh, lost is my ego;—
I know not, I care not, I am a machine! . . .

THE NIGHTINGALE TO THE WORKMAN.

Fair summer is here, glad summer is here!
Oh hark! 'tis to you I am singing:
The sun is all gold in a heaven of blue,
The birds in the forest are trilling for you,
The flies 'mid the grasses are winging;
The little brook babbles—its secret is sweet.
The loveliest flowers would circle your feet,—
And you to your work ever clinging!
Come forth! Nature loves you. Come forth! Do not fear!
Fair summer is here, glad summer is here,
Full measure of happiness bringing.

All creatures drink deep; and they pour wine anew
In the old cup of life, and they wonder at you.
Your portion is waiting since summer began;
Then take it, oh, take it, you labouring man!

'Tis summer to-day; ay, summer to-day!
The butterflies light on the flowers.
Delightfully glistens the silvery rain,
The mountains are covered with greenness again,
And perfumed and cool are the bowers.
The sheep frisk about in the flowery vale,
The shepherd and shepherdess pause in the dale,
And these are the holiest hours!
Delay not, delay not, life passes away!
'Tis summer to-day, sweet summer to-day!
Come, throttle your wheel's grinding power!
Your worktime is bitter and endless in length;
And have you not foolishly lavished your strength?
Oh think not the world is with bitterness rife,
But drink of the wine from the goblet of life.

Oh, summer is here, sweet summer is here!
I cannot for ever be trilling;
I flee on the morrow. Then, you, have a care!
The crow, from the perch I am leaving, the air
With ominous cries will be filling.
Oh, while I am singing to you from my tree
Of love, and of life, and of joy yet to be,
Arouse you!—Oh, why so unwilling!
The heavens remain not so blue and so clear;—
Now summer is here! Come, summer is here!
Reach out for the joys that are thrilling;
For like you who fade at your wheel, day by day,
Soon all things will fade and be carried away.
Our lives are but moments; and sometimes the cost
Of a moment o'erlooked is eternity lost.

CHRISTMAS in the ROMAN ROAD.

By GEORGE LANSBURY.

We East End people always welcome Christmas. The streets are gayer, and, whatever our condition of life is, it is good to go out and see the lights, the goods, and especially the stalls. No one who lives near Roman Road ever foregoes the joy of walking up and down, and seeing gathered together from all parts of the world merchandise of every description. Those who, like myself, have spent a life-time in East London can look back and say that amid everything else that is changed the shopping in Christmas week never changes, and is still a delight for boys and girls, and men and women.

This war-time Christmas will have all the same outward attributes as in peace time: Christmas trees, holly and mistletoe, and all the paraphernalia which goes to make up a holiday market. Somehow, however depressing the times may be, however dark and gloomy the weather may be, we all shake ourselves up and try to be different.

And the goodwill of it all! I suppose the poorest of us will be wanting to feel that somebody is just a little bettered because of Christmas. The hunt after Christmas dinners; the scouring round after Christmas tickets; and the joy, both of giving and receiving, is something worth remembering. Even those who are the most bitterly opposed to each other thaw and melt at Christmas time; and, whether we like it or not, the spirit of which Charles Dickens wrote so splendidly seems to pervade us both in the street and at home.

This Christmas there is hardly one of us in East London but will miss some friend: some boy or man who went out with the 17th County of London a year ago, and has not returned. Some have come back maimed and wounded, some are still out there. In thought we shall be with them, and in spirit we shall think of them all: those who will never return in the flesh, and those who are away in hospital or convalescent homes; and somehow we shall be thinking of them as if they were with us, going over the times we have spent together. I shall be thinking of some of the men who stood so splendidly with us in the great Suffrage and Socialist fights, and whose fights on this earth are done, but whose memory of comradeship will always remain.

And then, too, we shall want to share the sorrows of the personal relatives of those who have passed over, those who are still in danger, and those who are wounded. There must be between us East Enders comradeship in all this suffering. We must in a real sense try to bear each other's burdens. We try to do it very often in peace times; it is a thousand times more needed in these times.

There is consolation in sympathy and comradeship—a comradeship that nothing can ever break down; and, though all of us often do and say things about each other that were better left unsaid, at bottom there is a freemasonry in our material poverty which somehow binds us more and more closely together. And this Christmas-time, with all its darkness, with all its sorrow, let those of us who retain our faith in the ultimate triumph of righteousness and goodness try to spread amongst our friends and neighbours a spirit of love and goodwill. Let us try in ever so small a way to cheer and comfort the lonely, to bind up the broken-hearted, and in place of sorrow, let us strive to spread love and peace.

Let us all remember that day follows night; light follows darkness; that for those of us who remain there is the great duty and the great privilege of proving ourselves worthy of life.

People tell us what great men have sometimes done. I have an absolute faith, not merely in what the poor have done, but in what they yet will do. I look for the redemption of the world not by the great and mighty ones, but by the common people.

When I read, as I read the other day, of a common soldier crawling about for hours with an officer on his back amid a hail of bullets, striving to carry his wounded comrade to safety, I say that the kind of humanity that produces men capable of this is something that is worth preserving and something that will never die. It is men from places like East London that are doing these magnificent feats of heroism and love every day. In the days of peace how often similar deeds are done in the streets in which we live.

And so let us all this Christmas-time put away the darkness of despair; let us catch the real Christmas spirit, which is one of hope and courage. We celebrate the Birthday of a little Child. Whatever else we think we all think of it as an extraordinary Child, as one who was different from all others. Not at all because he was different as a boy, but because as a man he lived and spoke as no other man had done. It is just His message really that we celebrate, and that message is that love is stronger than hate, and that the greatest thing in the world is love, and if we all try in that spirit to keep this Christmas-time, black and horrible as the war is, our little corner of the world will still be bright, not because of material riches, but because we each have striven to spread abroad amongst our friends and neighbours, comradeship and love.

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THE £1,000 BABIES' MILK FUND

By Dr. BARBARA TCHAYKOVSKY.

TREASURER'S APPEAL.

Christmas is almost here, and many of us are exerting ourselves, difficult though it may be in these sad days, to provide good cheer and a few happy hours for the little ones who are too young to know we are at war.

It is well that there can be some brief escape from the realities of the situation; that childish delight can capture our oppressed spirits for awhile, and that Christmas can seem true, even this year, round the fireside where children are gathered.

For some of us Christmas will live only in the memories of the past, rich with the sound of the voices that are hushed but that yet reach us across the space of time, and, whispering to us, they bid us be up and doing, caring for the weak and the frail, and the helpless in our midst, giving to these all that we should have lavished on those who are beyond the need of our help.

There are others amongst us who through force of habit will make believe that Christmas is still a time of festivity, with all the extra display of food and gifts, yet who would, perchance, gladly welcome some outlet for the regret that time never stands still, and that the children of the olden days are now greyhaired men and women; there are always children who need helping and cheering. Others again, whose lives are spent in bringing joy to the broken and oppressed in body and spirit, will perhaps be constrained to limit the extent of their good works this Christmas-tide.

On all of these I would press the need of the children (and their mothers) under our care in the East End, for not a single one of these can do without help for the barest necessaries of life—food and clothing.

Since war broke out, we have tried to relieve as far as in us lay the distress that claimed our attention on all sides—some temporarily needing rather advice and pressure in the right quarter, others more permanently in need, and none more so than the babies who attend our creche and four clinics.

With prices of food alone 40 per cent., and total cost of living 30 per cent. higher, it needs a particular form of blindness not to realise that in many homes called poor at the best of times, the poverty line has been crossed, with its attendant ills increased. With housing accommodation certainly not improved, with the measles mortality doubled, we feel the urgent need to keep our mothers and babies as well nourished as we can.

How much an adequate supply of pure milk can do towards this is proved by a glance at the faces of those for whom we can provide.

Whilst this is the cheapest form of nutritional relief to give, we are entirely dependent on the public for funds in this direction.

Already some 900 mothers and babies have come under our care, about 70,000 meals have been served in our restaurants, and we have spent on milk alone, since August 1914 up to the present time, £1,170.

IN OUR NURSERY.

The future of our babies, whom we have nourished and cherished, and brought back to some joy of living, from the gloom and apathy of malnutrition, simply by clean food amid clean surroundings, literally lies on the lap of the 2,000 odd subscribers to our Milk Fund. (If every reader of our paper would help, we should get very much more.)

I beg each one of these to help me in raising a £1,000 Babies' Milk Fund; if each would aim at sending a minimum of 10s. individually or collected from sympathising friends in our Babies' House collecting box, or indeed in any improvised receptacle, this would be assured. To some, I know, 10s. is personally an impossible amount; to others it but represents self-denial of some article of food on the Christmas board, or other luxury. But those who cannot give 10s. can perhaps collect that amount and some can give more than 10s.—let each give according to his or her capacity—to each of our babies this means the milk to support life.

We *cannot* tell our babies that the child lovers of Britain have forgotten them at Christmas time; we *cannot* let those we have built up in the past slip back into the vast army of ill-nourished and wasting babies. We want to extend our work and to see it constantly growing.

Every year we lose in this courtry over 100,000 babies under one year of age, and half of these die directly from prematurity, atrophy, marasmus, debility and nutritional disorders. How many of the survivors are maimed? We have lost 75,000 men on the battlefield in one year of war—may this never happen again. Shall the army of dead babies, slain in peace, as in war, still continue for lack of food or care?

I shall be glad to receive subscriptions at Langham House, Harrow-on-the-Hill. All gifts in kind should be sent direct to 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

BARBARA TCHAYKOVSKY, M.D.
Hon. Treasurer E.L.F.S.

GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGED.

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TOYS.—Miss Kingston, Mrs. Walker.

CHILDREN'S GLOVES.—Anon.

Mrs. Cooper's children saved up 10s. to buy each other Christmas presents, but they decided to give the money for our Babies' Milk instead.

Donations to be sent to Hon. Treasurer, Dr. Tchaykovsky, Langham House, Harrow, or Hon. Financial Sec., Miss N. L. Smyth, 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

All parcels to 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

The War Office announces that pictorial postcards of all kinds, addressed to neutral countries, will in future be stopped.

We advise you to send the WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT to your friends instead!

WOMAN SUFFRAGE in HOLLAND

BY MARTINA KRAMERS (A DUTCH SUFFRAGIST.)

Ever since the introduction of the present Constitution in Holland, in 1887, an agitation was begun for electoral reform there. The Constitution limited the franchise to men who had certain qualifications of electoral capacity and social standing to be defined by laws. At first the agitation was conducted by men and for men only; it resulted in producing in 1897 a rather democratic franchise system, which has now brought the number of electors up to nearly a million. Still, five-thirteenths of the men over 25 years are disqualified along with all the women. The latter have always conducted their own agitation, unaided by any political party, and in 1894 they formed the Women's Suffrage Association, which now has a membership of 18,000.

From 1900 to 1908 the national agitation for electoral reform was in the hands of a committee, consisting of political parties, trade unions, and other societies, which stood for adult suffrage, to obtain which a revision of the Constitution was drafted. In 1908 this committee was dissolved, and the agitation was henceforth entrusted to the Social Democratic Party, in collaboration with the Trades Union League. In 1911 the Socialist Party collected 320,000 signatures for a petition to the Government demanding adult suffrage; and on the occasion of the opening of Parliament, 1912, on the so-called "Red Tuesday," conflicts with the police nearly arose in the capital, so urgent was the pressure of the crowd.

The present Cabinet is the outcome of the elections of 1913, and is pledged to prepare a revision of the Constitution, which will establish manhood suffrage and abolish the constitutional disqualification of women.

On Tuesday November 1st last the Government introduced a Bill for the Revision of the Constitution, and Ant., which contains this clause:

"The right of electing the Members of the Second Chamber is conferred upon male inhabitants, who are recognised by law as Dutch subjects, and who have attained the age to be fixed by the law, which is not to be set lower than 23 years; also upon the female inhabitants possessing the same qualifications, in so far as the law will enfranchise them. Reasons for exclusion from the franchise must not be based on economic differences." not derived from their economic standing."

This means a real step forward for women, since they are no longer disqualified, and the Constitution even requires the Electoral Law to enfranchise women. But which women are to be enfranchised and which women are not? And why does the Bill only put the sexes on the same footing as to eligibility and not as to giving them votes? These are questions which the parliamentary debates will perhaps solve. It will then also appear what effect the untiring agitation of the Women's Suffrage Association has produced.

Like most of the National Auxiliaries of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, the Dutch W.S.A. does not concern itself with the extension of the franchise, the voting qualifications or the number of electors. The W.S.A. keeps out of the class struggle, which it leaves to the Socialists. It limits its action to the demand that sex should be no disqualification, and accordingly claims a limited franchise for women, if men have only a limited franchise, and universal suffrage for women, if men possess universal suffrage. The latter will be the case in Holland when the Government Bill becomes law.

Our efforts must now concentrate on getting the present Bill carried with the addition of equal suffrage for men and women. Last year, in the four months preceding the outbreak of the war, which put an end to every action, the Woman Suffrage Association had collected 165,000 signatures to a petition that the political equality of men and women should be established by the Constitution. The Dutch Cabinet has often declared its willingness to carry out "the will of the people," and here the people have clearly manifested their will.

So now the claims of the Socialist and Radical Parties and of the Woman Suffrage Association have united in the same demand: Universal Suffrage for Men and Women to be established in the Constitution.

We take the following from a statement sent in from Budapest by Eugenie Miskolczy Mellor to *Jus Suffragii*:—"We fully acknowledge the present usefulness and necessity of women's relief work, but our work lies in another line, and this cannot be neglected; let us educate, each the women of our own nation, that they may be united with the women of other nations in the wider motherly love of mankind.

"We have to build up the future permanent peace of the world; we have to give proof now of our political ripeness, even if lesser values should be lost by it."

Those who see a German everywhere—even in such salutary things as peace movements—have discovered that Mme. Schwimmer, the Hungarian delegate to the Hague Women's Peace Conference, is one of Mr. Ford's guests on the Peace ship.

Mme. Schwimmer was Secretary of the International Suffrage Bureau in London before the War, and has a great reputation as an orator.

At the Women's Hall, Bow, on Sunday last, Mr. Cyon gave a very interesting account of the working of Woman Suffrage in Finland.

In spite of the terrible handicap of being under Russian government, remarkable reforms have been introduced.

For example, a noticeable increase in women's wages, the improvement of insurance law so that women and men are equally well off, protection of unmarried mothers, the total abolition of the illegitimate child—all children have a right to their fathers' support.

A most striking fact is that not one Finn has joined the Russian Army—whether this is due to the influence of women, Mr. Cyon could not say.

And Finland owes the fact of having won the vote for women, to a domestic servant, who took a most prominent part in the movement, and to the support of the workmen who struck work to back up the women.

The Bulgarian Socialist, Dr. C. Petroff, has been imprisoned on a charge of advocating peace.

In Germany, the Socialists Rosa Luxemburg, Klara Zetkin, Dr. Franz Mehring, Peter Berten and Heinrich Pfeiffer, have been arrested for publishing the first number of a Socialist paper called *The International*, which contains an article by Rosa Luxemburg—"The Re-building of the International," and by Klara Zetkin—"For Peace."

The Vienna Socialist paper, the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, says, "No one is deceived by the solemn declarations of Ministers of State, who are as like as one egg to another in affirming that we must hold on to the end with the War. The people are tired and over-tired of this frightful massacre, of this destruction of everything living. Their will is only towards peace."

What is true of Austria may be equally so elsewhere; but who dare voice such sentiments?

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT!
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Bravely and willingly we bear our share of the World's burdens. Why, then, deny us the right to Vote, which would dignify our labour and increase our Power of Service?

HUMAN SUFFRAGE.

Before the War large numbers of women and men were giving all their thought and energy to securing a million votes for the women of the British Isles—a million votes for thirteen million women!

The demand was recommended on account of its "moderation." In the light of the great world conflict does it not seem miserably inadequate, timidly weak and mean?

"I believe that a woman should have a vote if she pays rates and taxes." How that phrase jars and wearies one? Can any tax count beside the toil of hand and brain that a human worker gives in a life time, or in comparison with the bringing into the world of another living, sentient human being, whose thoughts and deeds may add immeasurably to the common stock? When a man goes out to take part in the hideous slaughter of the battlefield the paying of rates and taxes is a forgotten thought to him; the fact that he has paid cannot buy him off, and his being too poor for taxing will not save him from being sent to the front if Conscription comes.

Cast away the trivial ideas of the professional politician. The world conflict, with its dehumanising hate and violence, and the widespread peril and loss that draw poor mothers and wives together, should cause our minds to dwell only on real, vital things.

What is a vote but a voice in the affairs that concern us all? Surely there was never a time in which we could see so clearly as now that the interests of all the people are closely interwoven, and that everyone of us must have a vote in the management of our world.

Cast away the idea that it is expedient to ask for an instalment of justice in accordance with some petty, ill-drafted, fugitive politician's rule, instead of basing our demand on the infinite and eternal fact of our common humanity.

In the hard, hungry days that followed the Napoleonic wars, the brave old reformers did not want the vote for merely academic reasons. They fought for it because they saw in it a means of giving all the people the power to free themselves from gaunt and urgent want, and to protect themselves from cruel exploitation and harsh injustice. They wanted to give every man an equal chance to share in controlling the destinies of the nation.

Those old reformers asked for no half-measures, suggested no paltering compromises, but demanded Universal Suffrage. They were determined to wring from the autocrats in power as much justice as they could, and not to abate their demands until they had got all they asked. Theirs is a spirit that we may well emulate. Our experiences are likely to reproduce theirs in many things.

The War, with its waste and destruction, is intensifying the international strife that is always with us, the struggle of human evolution towards a higher development of social life.

In every nation the forces of reaction are gaining ground because of War conditions. Militarism is becoming more strongly entrenched.

Unorganised individualism is shown to be wasteful, and the extraordinary strain which war is putting upon human energy and material resources, has necessitated, and after the War will continue to necessitate, in every country more extensive control and co-ordination by the central government than has hitherto been known.

State action may be of two kinds. It may mean compulsory regulation of the bulk of the population by a small official class, in the interests of the powerful wealthy few who pull the strings—the vast mass of the people being used as mere pawns in an almost limitless army. Or State action may mean the co-operation of free citizens, each with an equal voice in the decisions which are adopted for the benefit of all.

After the War, in every country the struggle that is always going on between these two ideas, the idea of coercion and the idea of co-operation, will be intensified, and become the supreme issue, both in national and international affairs. In the international field the application of these ideas will be seen, on the one hand by a demand for larger armies and navies, a warfare of tariffs, and a more truculent dealing with the claims of rival nations. On the other hand will be a striving towards international arbitration and disarmament, and the building up of a league of peace to include all nations.

Our attitude towards the franchise issue will be one of the test questions which shall decide whether we are on the side of coercion or on that of co-operation.

At present the franchise qualification in this country is based on property.

It is suggested that there should also be a qualification for naval and military service.

The forms of service which human beings can render to the nation are infinite. Who shall measure them or decide between them? Every one of us should spend our lives in doing some part of the general service. The only qualification on which we should base our demand for the franchise is that of our common humanity.

We should demand a vote for every human being of full age, without regard to property or sex.

The article which we publish from Martina Kramers, of Holland, shows us that the Dutch women have adopted the procedure which the Women's Suffrage Movement has hitherto followed here. When the men had only a narrow and restricted franchise, the Dutch women Suffragists asked that that narrow franchise should be extended to women also. Now that Manhood Suffrage has been extended to the men of Holland, the women at last are pressing for a vote for every woman. Hitherto, they have been sitting on the fence of compromise, and have refrained from declaring themselves for human suffrage. Only now are they making whole-hearted common cause with the forces of democracy.

In every country where the women have begun working for their enfranchisement before the enactment of Manhood Suffrage, the same thing appears to have happened. The women have not thought it expedient to demand human sufffrage; they have asked for admission to the existing narrow franchise. *But in each country they have had to wait until the narrow franchise has been swept away.*

They have had the humiliation of seeing their demand for citizenship thrust aside again and again, whilst men have secured concession after concession, until at last, by the granting of Manhood Suffrage, the principle of human right to the franchise has been admitted. Then, in Australia, New Zealand, Finland, Norway, Denmark, Iceland, and thirteen States of America full human suffrage, including men and women, has been secured in a comparatively short time.

In no country, save the little Isle of Man with its handful of inhabitants, *have women succeeded in winning the vote before the property qualification for men had been abolished.*

This fact should not for one moment lead us to think that women should wait for the vote in this country until men have secured Manhood Suffrage. No, indeed! It should spur us on to throw ourselves unreservedly into the struggle for human Suffrage, for every woman and for every man.

Every property qualification must of necessity act more unjustly towards women than towards men, because so much of women's service receives no monetary recompense, because the husbands, and, not the wives, are householders.

It is true that the franchise on the men's present terms would give a majority of votes to women of the working class, because the working class is actually in such an immense majority; but an undue proportion of the women voters of every class would be elderly widows, whose time for developing new ideas, in most cases, has gone by. The young mother with her children growing up around her, who should be voicing the ideals of the coming womanhood, would be disqualified, together with the mass of women factory workers, who need the power of the vote most urgently.

How can we expect that such a restricted form of franchise should arouse that immense volume of popular enthusiasm that assuredly will be needed to sweep votes for women past the old political prejudices, on to the Statute Book?

Women who cling to the narrow demand for the old out-of-date form of franchise will be driven into the camp of the coercionists, and separated from the great democratic movement which, in spite of all attempts at restriction, is growing and consolidating and, perhaps even before the War is over, will arise in full force of overwhelming fervour to demand that the democratic principle shall be applied to every department of our national life.

People say: "You cannot ask for a vote for every woman, because every man has not got one"; and add: "You must not ask for a vote for every woman, because the men ought to get more votes, if they want them, for themselves."

Such arguments are cramping and destructive, they should be cast away from us—lovers of freedom. Fight for freedom for all humanity—they make no distinction of sex.

Surely it is time that the British Suffrage movement should come together, reorganise its programme, and write on its banners: "Human Suffrage—a vote for every man and woman of full age!"

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

THE PARLIAMENT & REGISTRATION BILL.

On the second reading of the Parliament and Registration Bill, Mr. Asquith stated: "The only principle in the Bill is first, to avoid the obvious calamity of a General Election, and next, that the life of the House of Commons should be permissibly extended for such a length of time as, in the development of things, *make it possible that its successor should be elected under reasonable conditions, and under conditions which will make it a fair representation or reflection of the national judgment and the national will.* That is this Bill."

We women must see to it that the successor of this Parliament *does* represent the "national judgment and the national will" by the inclusion of women amongst the voters.

AMENDMENTS TO THE MUNITIONS ACT.

Mr. Lloyd George is protesting because the Editor of the *New Statesman* has accused him of calling "the workers in the munition factories drunkards and shirkers."

But Mr. Lloyd George has done something worse than call the workers names, he has put them under a coercion Act, the only vestige of excuse for which could be that the workers *were* drunkards and shirkers.

In his Amendments to the Munitions Act, Mr. Lloyd George is seeking to extend the coercion to workers engaged in supplying power, light and heat.

By his Amendment Bill, Mr. Lloyd George is also taking powers to order what the wages of women in Munition factories shall be. Unfortunately the women have no reason to trust Lloyd George!

Trade Union combination and the Parliamentary Vote are the only things on which the women workers can safely pin their faith.

"DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT."

"The Gambetta of the defence of European liberty. . . . . The little Brother of the Poor." The Paris weekly *Le Carnet de la Semaine* thus describes Lloyd George!

In the House of Commons on December 8th, Mr. Addison in reply to a question by Mr. King, stated: "That out of 3,868 cases before the Munitions Tribunals up to November 28th, only ninety-four concerned women, including ninety applications for leaving certificates. Only one woman had been fined, the amount being 10s.

In Birmingham young girls between the ages of thirteen and sixteen, have been on night shifts in munition factories. Now, owing to the agitation of the Rowley Regis Education Committee, steps are being taken to ensure that no girls under eighteen shall work at night.

Even at eighteen, both boys and girls are too young to be on night work!

A recent Agreement between the British Government and two bodies of Danish traders was the subject of a heated discussion in Parliament on December 9th. Lord Robert Cecil declared that a statement of the text of the Agreement would not be in the "public interest"; and, therefore, he could not comply with the request of Honourable Members to lay the Agreement on the table.

Sir H. Dalziel, Sir Arthur Markham, and the *Times* assert that this agreement renders the British blockade of Germany less stringent. We do not share the views of this faction, but if they succeed in forcing the Government to make the agreement public, they will have performed a public service. These secret understandings make for war, and should be abolished.

A resolution was passed at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Liberal Association for the Elland Division of Yorkshire, calling on Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, M.P., to resign his seat.

It appears that honest consistency and humane feeling are not appreciated by the Elland Liberals!

The congress to be held in Berne, Dec. 14th, organised by the Social Democrats, and the President of the Netherland Anti-War Council, has been postponed till the second fortnight in January. The cause of the postponement was the abstention of any English or French delegates, and the delay in the arrival of the American delegates.

THE WORKERS' INTERNATIONAL. Socialists and the World War.

In his book, "The Socialists and the War*" William English Walling rightly says that, since the War, people have become more interested in the views of Socialists on war, than ever before. This is because the Socialist ideal embraces the international solidarity of the workers and the Socialist theory of life does not admit of the hostile competition of rival nations, and because the Socialists through their constantly communicating, closely united organisations in every country have unrivalled knowledge of the lives and needs of the people in all lands.

Ever since the founding of the International by Karl Marx, some fifty years ago, the Socialists have been striving to prevent war; the watchword of Karl Marx was "Workers of the world unite."

At the time of the Franco-Prussian War, Walling recalls the fact that Marx opposed the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, and on Sept. 5th, 1870, three days after the battle of Sedan, declared that if the annexation should take place, Russia and France would, in the future, make war on Germany.

In every European crisis in which war has seemed to threaten, the Socialists have been working for peace, and in their International Congresses the idea of a general strike in case of war has steadily gained ground.

Walling's book includes a comprehensive collection of actual manifestoes issued by the International Socialist Bureau, and by the various National Socialist Parties, with speeches and articles of Socialist leaders, and extracts from Socialist papers in regard to war. These are joined together by editorial notes and comments.

The book is a most valuable one, and we, at least, have found it entirely fascinating.

A special interest attaches to the manifestoes and speeches from Socialists in the far-off Balkan Nations, whose people have suffered so terribly from recurring wars.

Servia.

The Socialists secured two seats in the Skupschtina, the Servian Parliament, and polled 25,000 out of a total of 300,000 votes, *i.e.*, 12 per cent. They had candidates in only six constituencies, and claimed that they might have had 50,000 votes if they had run more candidates.

Before the first Balkan War the Servian Socialists advocated an independent democratic federation of Balkan Republics. During the second Balkan War they made the same stand. On October 2nd, 1912, the Socialist leader, Laptchevitch, declared in Parliament that War between the Balkan peoples would inevitably bring about the intervention of one of the great capitalistic European Powers, which might eventually lead to a conflagration in Europe.

In 1913 the Servian Social Democratic Party published a manifesto, declaring that the Socialists of Servia and Bulgaria—

"raise their voices in emphatic protest against the prospect of a fratricidal War between Servia and Bulgaria, two nations that speak related dialects of the same mother tongue, whose customs and inclinations are identical, and whose culture, industrial life, and interests are similar."

The manifesto added that the Socialist Parties of Bulgaria, Roumania, Turkey, Greece, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Croatia, Slavonia, Montenegro, and Albania are pledged to work for a union of all Balkan nations.

In May, 1914, at the Servian Social Democratic Congress in Belgrade, delegates came from the Austrian, Hungarian, Czech, Croatian, and Bulgarian Socialist Parties, and were received with cheers.

On August 1st, 1914, after the outbreak of War with Austria, the Servian Socialist Members of Parliament refused to support the Government, maintaining that it had not done everything to prevent War, and had made of Servia "a bridge between Russia and France," allowing her to be used to serve the interests of those countries rather than her own.

Victor Adler, one of the Austrian Socialist leaders, writing in the Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung*, applauded the Servian Socialists for carrying on a self-sacrificing agitation for peace.

Bulgaria.

In 1911, the Bulgarian Socialists polled 25,000 out of 1,000,000 votes. They did not secure one seat in the Parliament, called the Sobranje; but Sakasoff, one of the leaders of the less advanced Socialists, was elected at a bye-election. He at once opposed the preparations then taking place for War with Turkey, saying that the people needed a confederation of independent self-governing republics, uniting all the Balkan nations, including Turkey. He was attacked in the street by a band of students armed with revolvers, but the Socialist view, which he had voiced, became so popular with the working people that the Socialist vote was increased from 25,000 in 1911 to 107,000 in December, 1913, and 37 Socialist Members of Parliament were returned out of a total of 211; 47 members of the Peasants' League were also returned, and these, with other progressives, were able to put the Government in a minority.

The Peasants' League demanded the dismissal of all ambassadors and higher military officials; the Socialists demanded also a democratic republic and a federation of the Balkan States.

As the Government was in a minority, the King ordered a new election on March 8th, 1914, when, by the use of police violence, the Government secured 127 seats to 117 of the opposition.

During the War, the eleven members of the more advanced group of Socialists in the Sobranje have adhered to the peace policy on which they were elected, and on November 24th, 1914, they brought forward a motion that the Sobranje should immediately call upon the Parliaments of all the Balkan countries to enter into a common understanding for defence against foreign conquest, and the formation of a Balkan Federation. They also moved that the Bulgarian Government should approach the Governments of the neutral nations, with a view to mediating between the belligerent powers.

The moderate Socialists voted against these motions, and Sakasoff, falling away from his old declaration, approved the Government policy, which was then leading towards War, and promised the support of his group.

Thus we see that in every country it is difficult for any but the strongest and most independent to hold quite steadfastly by the international ideal, when the popular outcry and every effort of the governing classes is for War.

Roumania.

The Roumanian Socialist Party has a membership of 3,000, largely in Bucharest, where it has held several great anti-War demonstrations.

Two months after the outbreak of War the Party published a manifesto, warning the people against Russian propaganda, Russian spies, and Russian bribes, the object of these being to lead Roumania to join the War. "An Alliance with Russia," it was said, "means the conquering of democracy and popular freedom, and the triumph of reaction."

In January, 1915, Racovsky, the Roumanian member of the International Socialist Bureau, wrote to *Golos*, a Russian Socialist paper, published in Paris, saying that "no power on earth" would induce the Roumanian Socialists to give up the International Socialist fight for peace. But he complains—

"The saddest thing is that our adversaries are taking the weapons they use against us from the Socialist arsenals of France and Germany. For instance, German Social Democratic representatives appear against us; and in France, *Hervé* as well as *L'Humanité* is criticising us. In order to drive us into War, articles by Vaillant are translated for our benefit, in which he calls upon the Socialists of all neutral States, whose neutrality has not been guaranteed by treaty like Switzerland, to enter into the War. He characterises us as pro-Germans if we should refuse to follow his un-Socialistic advice."

Racovsky continues:—

"You can imagine the difficult situation in which the Socialist Parties of the neutral countries are placed, if our comrades in the warring countries communicate with our ruling classes over our heads, incite our proletariat to war, shake hands with our jingoes and reactionaries, and openly countenance the apostate and renegade. . . . .

"The French comrades seek to convince us that the Allies, Russia among the rest, are fighting for the principle of nationality. We, the inhabitants of the East and immediate neighbours of the Muscovite Empire, would like to utter some doubts on that point. We recognise the desire of conquest characterising Austria's Balkan policy; we have criticised it more than once at International Congresses; but who is there to deny the danger that threatens both Roumania and Bulgaria, countries which occupy the road to the Dardanelles, from Russia? . . . .

"We appeal to our comrades in the countries at War not to give way to the particular moods produced by War. . . . . After the terrible Balkan War, the Socialists of the Balkan countries met again at their Congress. The Bulgarians visited the Servians, these visited the Bulgarians. We, too, visited the Bulgarians *and they paid a visit to us, forgetting all the evil that our Government (and in what manner!) had done them by taking the best province from Bulgaria!*"

Poland.

The Polish Socialists, according to Walling, are divided into several parties, and there are three separate parties in Russian Poland. Two of these parties aim at bringing about a Russian Revolution, out of which Poland shall gain her freedom. The third Socialist Party in Russian Poland hopes that freedom for Poland will come through the conquest of Russia by Austria, and one of their number, Joseph Pilsudski, has become commander-in-chief of a Polish National Volunteer Army, which has fought with the Austrian Army.

On August 3rd, 1914, Pilsudski issued a Declaration from Warsaw, stating that the "corps of the Polish Army have entered the Kingdom of Poland, and taken possession of it, in the name of the Polish people. . . . . Beginning with this day the whole nation shall be united under the direction of the National Government. . . . ."

A Proclamation of August 10th says:—

"Our marksmen took Miechow and the surrounding villages, and marched towards Jendrzyow-Kielce, towards Warsaw, with the consent of the Austrian Army.

"With enthusiasm the people greeted the Polish Eagle. . . . The Commandant of the Polish Army is creating civil authorities, and has called upon the most prominent residents of the various communities to take over the control of local affairs. It is organising a militia. The walls of the cities are covered with Proclamations from the National Government and the Commander-in-Chief. . . . The Commission of the Confederated Independent Parties to-day has assumed the powers of the National Government in Warsaw."

Is this the secret of the great advance of the Central Powers into Poland?

The American Alliance of Polish Socialists from Russian, German, and Austrian Poland is claimed to be thoroughly representative. It speaks with absolute freedom from the far shores of America, though, of course, without the advantage of absolutely immediate knowledge. It has just published a declaration, in which it states that the sufferings of the Poland people far surpass those of Belgians, because the former have been "compelled to murder each other for the glory and power of their oppressors." It demands an independent Polish Republic, urging that promises of larger or smaller autonomy do not insure free and unhampered development, because the liberties promised by Russia in 1905 were revoked, and "efforts to spread education among the Polish people were prohibited and punished."

In the present War the Manifesto explains that—

"Immediately after the Russian Proclamation of the Manifesto promising local self-government to Poland, the general office of the Press department of the Russian Government issued a circular to all Russian papers, explaining that the so-called Manifesto does not mean autonomy to Poland at all, but simply that all the Polish provinces now held by Austrians and Prussians will be annexed to Russia. . . . In the recently-conquered Galicia, the Russians destroyed the Polish schools, closed down the University, abolished the provincial legislature, establishing Russian administration, and even importing Russian police."

Russia.

The vote of the Russian Socialists and the Peasants' Party, or Labour Group, was 10,000,000 in 1907, when the last election on a semi-democratic franchise took place. At that election, in spite of suffrage restrictions and police repression, these parties secured almost half the seats in the Duma.

The franchise has been greatly curtailed since then, and there are now only 14 Socialists and 11 Labour members.

Walling does not deal specifically with the barbarous autocracy of the Russian Government, and the perpetual struggle for freedom which became intensified during the Russian War with Japan. But references to these are constantly occurring n the manifestoes of the Socialists in all the European countries.

Since the war, the British version of Russia has been whitewashed, but the long series of Socialist manifestoes published in Walling's book, bring back to us the picture of Russia that was universal a few years ago.

Walling quotes an article by Keir Hardie in the *American Socialist* of December 1914, in which he says:

"At the close of the Russo-Japanese War in 1906, the Russian Empire was bankrupt in every sense of the word. Her reason for making peace with Japan was more financial than military. Russia for over half-a-century had been the outcast of European nations.

From the days of the Crimean War in the middle of last century down to 1906, not a cent of money could be got on loan in Europe to aid the finances of Russia. She was loathed and abhorred, not only for her aggressiveness, but also for her treatment of her subject races, such as Finland and Poland, and her red-handed suppression of every known reform.

"Who is there that has not shuddered over the tales of Siberia, over the tortures and unspeakable atrocities of her prisons and dungeons? Prince Kropotkin in a damp stone dungeon under the sea, where his very gums rotted, and his teeth fell out of his mouth? That was Russia!

"At the close of the war with Japan, as I have said, she was bankrupt financially, and an outcast from the nations of Europe: successful revolution was being waged within her borders, her army and navy were honey-combed with sedition and prepared to join the revolutionary movement in the overthrow of the Czar and all he stood for.

"Who then came to the rescue of Russia, loaned her money, gave her moral prestige, and a standing among the nations of Europe? Great Britain. Why was it done? To re-establish that old worn-out fetish of what is known as the 'balance of power.'"

At the time of the Balkan Wars the Russian Socialists worked with the Austrian Socialists to secure peace.

On May 8th, 1913, the Socialist Members of the Duma sent a letter to the Austrian and Hungarian Socialists, in which they declared that the Governments of Russia and Austria were stirring up dissention between the Balkan nations to advance their own "imperialistic ends, and urged that the peasant masses of Russia have nothing to look for in the Balkans, and that the peoples of the near East *through their own*

* "Socialists and the War," by William English Walling.—Henry Holt & Company, New York; 7s. 6d.

initiative, must establish a democratic federation independent of Russia and Austria-Hungary."

In July 1914, on the eve of this war, a great strike movement arose in Russia. At the close of a trade union strike for higher wages in St. Petersburg, a conflict took place between the populace and the police and cossacks. Four people were killed and fifty injured, and, as a protest, a peaceful general strike was declared on July 17th, to last till July 20th. The two Socialist papers were then confiscated, and the people were attacked by the cossacks. The strike was therefore continued. The strikers erected huge barricades and took shelter behind them, armed with stones and other weapons. 200,000 workers were on strike, and thousands of men and women took part in serious fighting. Red flags flew from the barricades, and the decorations, celebrating the Franco-Russian alliance and the visit of the French President, were torn down. The Cabinet was summoned to discuss the situation.

On July 26th, the day after the Austrian ultimatum to Servia, St. Petersburg was put under martial law, and only the most extreme measures broke the resistance of the people.

On August 8th, the 14 Socialist Members of the Duma abstained from voting for the war credit, and read the following statement —

"A terrible and unprecedented calamity has broken upon the people of the whole world . . . the proletariat of the entire world, with the German workers at the head, protested against it . . . the hearts of the Russian workers are with the European proletariat. This war is provoked by the policy of expansion, for which the ruling classes of all countries are responsible. . . . The conscious proletariat of the belligerent countries has not been sufficiently powerful to prevent the war. . . But we are convinced that the working class will find in the international solidarity of the workers, the means to force the conclusion of peace at an early date. The terms of that peace will be dictated by the peoples themselves, and not by the diplomats. . . . ."

After this the Socialists and some of the Labour Members left the Chamber,

A statement was read on behalf of the Labour group stating that the Russian people would defend the land of their birth, but asserting that they had no enemies amongst the working classes of the belligerents, and complaining that the authorities "even at this terrible moment" showed no desire to forget internal strife, refused amnesty to those who had fought for freedom, and increased the already heavy economic burden of the workers.

The Russian Socialists continued agitating against the war and organising for revolution, and on November 17th, 1914, five of the Socialist Members of the Duma were arrested and sentenced to exile and imprisonment.

As the months of war have passed, the Russian Socialists have not entirely maintained their united front against the war, but the Socialist Members of the Duma have continued voting against the war credits, and every faction is agreed that the first possible opportunity for insurrection must be seized.

Russian Reply to Vandervelde.

When Emile Vandervelde, the Belgian Socialist leader, appealed to the Russian Socialist Party to support the Government of the Czar during the war, the Russian Socialist Labour Party Majority Group replied, that "whilst bearing in mind the anti-democratic character of Prussia, the other enemy of democracy and the working class, Russian, absolutism, must not be forgotten."

The Russian enemy retained its old character during the war, for all Socialist newspapers were suppressed labour organisations were dissolved, whilst arrests and banishments without trial were still taking place.

"Should the war end with a complete victory of the reactionary Russian Government and no democratization of political power take place at the same time, that Government . . . *may become the centre and source of a reactionary world policy.*"

The Russian Socialists must therefore *refuse all support* to the Government, and continue to work to replace it by a democratic constitution.

The Russian Social Democrats, in a later manifesto, criticised the German and Austrian Socialists for supporting the German Government, and classed the German, Austrian, and Russian Governments together as "the backward Monarchies of Eastern Europe." They declared that the "German capitalists have entered upon a looting expedition in Servia, with the object of conquering her and of stifling the natural revolution of the southern Slavs," also that the British and French capitalists have entered into the war in order "to grab the German colonies and to ruin a rival nation, distinguished by a more rapid economic development." To this end, they are "helping the Czardom still more ruthlessly to oppress Poland, Ukraine, and other small peoples, and still more effectively to stifle the revolution in Russia itself." The manifesto called on the workers to preserve their international solidarity.

The Socialist organisations of the subject peoples, Poles, Finns, Lithuanians, Jews, etc., are at one with the Russian Socialists. Whilst the Lithuanian Nationalists have helped the troops of the Czar to conquer parts of East Prussia, on the ground that this once belonged to Lithuania. The Lithuanian Socialists have replied that as the utmost possible persecution has taken place under the Czardom, they do not wish to extend its boundaries.

Russian Views Summarised.

At the Socialist Peace Congress at Copenhagen, January 16th and 17th, 1915, the Russian Socialists issued a report, stating that the Socialist group believes that the war is due to capitalistic competition in the various countries. Another group regards this competition as merely contributory, and German militarism as the foremost cause of the War.

The first group "fears that a victory of Russia over Germany might bring with it a strengthening of re-action in Europe."

A third and smaller group wishes a victory of Germany over Russia.

The majority, we are led to assume, would prefer a draw or a slight advantage to Germany over Russia, but *not* a decisive defeat for Russia.

When the Socialists in the Duma voted against the war credits on February 9th, 1915, they announced that they would work for an early peace. One of their number, Manikow, declared that he could not accept this, as he considered that the German Junkers must first be beaten. Because of this he was expelled from the Party. Some other well-known Socialist writers in Russia have adopted a similar stand to that of Manikow, but none of them have supported the Russian Government.

There has been a sharper division of opinion amongst Russian Socialists who are in exile in this country. On February 15th, 1915, a conference of the Socialists of the Allied countries took place in London. Those who had belonged, when in Russia, to the largest Socialist party of Russia, the Social Democrats, refused to vote, because the Austrian and German Socialists were not invited, and in a manifesto published afterwards, described the conference as:

"a criminal misuse of the ideas and authority of international Socialism, by serving as a cloak to the interests of Russian, English, and French Imperialism, which are really hostile to the workers' International."

Germany.

The German Socialist Party has over 1,100,000 members. In the last Reichstag election in 1912, it secured 4,239,000 votes, one-third of the total number of votes cast, and has 113 votes in the Reichstag out of 397. The Party owns 86 daily papers.

The attitude of the German Socialist Party towards the war has been much discussed and much criticised.

The War of 1870.

In the war of 1870, Bebel and Wilhelm Liebknecht refused to vote for the war credits, though other German Socialists did so.

Marx and Engels supported Germany in the war with Napoleon, but as soon as the French Republic was proclaimed they took the part of France, and it is said that Engels went so far as to offer his services to the French. Marx, Bebel and Liebknecht, and with them the German Socialist Party, opposed the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine.

The German Socialist Party has consistently opposed militarism and many of its members, including its most noted women, Clara Zetkin and Rosa Luxemburg, have served repeated imprisonments for this reason. Year after year the Socialist Members of the Reichstag voted against the war credits, refusing to find a single man or a single penny for purposes of destruction. But in 1913 came a departure from this policy.

In 1913 the Government proposed a great extension of the Army, entailing a heavy increase in military expenditure. The Socialists offered most strenuous opposition and a tremendous popular movement was behind them. Hitherto the German people had been made to pay the cost of armaments through taxes on food and other necessaries, an average working-class family paying 10 per cent. of its income in indirect taxation.

First Socialist Vote for War Credit.

In order to circumvent popular opposition to the new Military Bill, the Government now decided to raise the cost of it by a direct tax on property.

The Socialists were therefore placed in a dilemma. They had fought strenuously to replace indirect taxation, by means of which the poor are made to bear the chief burden of national expenditure, for direct taxes, which fall upon the rich. The Government divided its Military Bill into two parts. The first dealing with the military extension, the second dealing with the means by which the extension is to be paid for.

It was easy for the Socialists to vote against the military extension, but the back of the popular opposition had been broken by the promise that the rich should pay for the extension. Therefore the Socialists found themselves in a minority, and the Reichstag agreed to the military extension.

Then the Socialists had to decide whether they should vote for the property tax to pay for the military extension. The situation was critical, because the Conservatives would probably have combined with the Socialists, and a dissolution would have resulted. There was a strong difference of opinion in the Party—many wished to adhere to the old principle "not a man not a penny" for militarism, but the majority determined to vote for the military tax.

In spite of this, the German Socialists continued demonstrating against war and militarism, right down to the outbreak of this war. When the International Socialist Bureau held a monster demonstration against the war in Brussels, on July 30th, 1914, Haase, representing German Socialists, attacked the Austrian Government, protesting that Servia's answer was so moderate that there was no excuse for war, and declaring that the German people were not pledged by secret treaties between the Governments of Germany and Austria. In Germany, too, the Socialist Party issued several manifestoes in these terms, and appealing to the international brotherhood of, the peoples against war. In Berlin 28 mass meetings against war were held on July 29th, 1914. At one of these meetings alone there were 70,000 persons. Similar meetings were held in the other cities. In Stuttgart the speakers threatened a general strike in case of war. The *Vorwaerts*, the principal Socialist daily paper and official organ of the Party, also used every effort to prevent war. It exposed the hypocrisy of the German Government, which, after supporting Russia against the revolting people, and punishing German Socialists for insulting the Czar, suddenly changed its front, and spoke of the need for smashing the barbarous rule of the Czar. The *Vorwaerts* strove to make the people realise the horrors of war in advance, and *dwelt rather on the faults of Germany and its ally Austria in the quarrel, than on the excuses for Austro-German action, in order to prevent the people from rushing into the war from mistaken patriotism, and to insure that at least they should hear both sides.* This policy *Vorwaerts* has consistently followed during the war in spite of the censor.

Socialists Support Government.

And yet war came, and the fear of conquest by Russian barbarism dominated the German people, and even a large proportion of the Socialists.

After heated debates in the Socialist Party Council, it was decided that the Socialist Members of the Reichstag should vote for the first war loan on August 4th, on the ground of the Russian menace. A minority abstained. When it was decided to vote for the war loan, the news of the violation of Belgian neutrality had not come, and when the Chancellor announced that Belgium and Luxemburg were probably invaded already, he admitted that this was wrong, though declaring it necessary for German self-defence, and promised that reparation should be made. The news of what was taking place in Belgium, no doubt came gradually to Germany, and was overshadowed there by at least equally terrible happenings on the Eastern front.

The majority of the Socialists again agreed to vote for the second war loan on December 2nd, 1914, but Karl Liebknecht voted against the loan, and 14 other Socialists abstained from voting.

Karl Liebknecht is also a member of the Prussian Landtag. It was reported that he and other Prussian Socialists had voted for a war loan there on October 22nd. But the favourable vote was afterwards shown to have been cast for a war relief Bill to provide employment and sustenance for persons suffering through the war.

Walling states that the Socialists in the Prussian Landtag are divided evenly, five to five, for and against the war. But that the Prussian Socialists voted unanimously against the Budget of March 2nd, 1915, as a protest against the Government's refusal to grant uniform suffrage (*i.e.* one vote one value) and a secret ballot, and to abolish the limitation of the right of association.

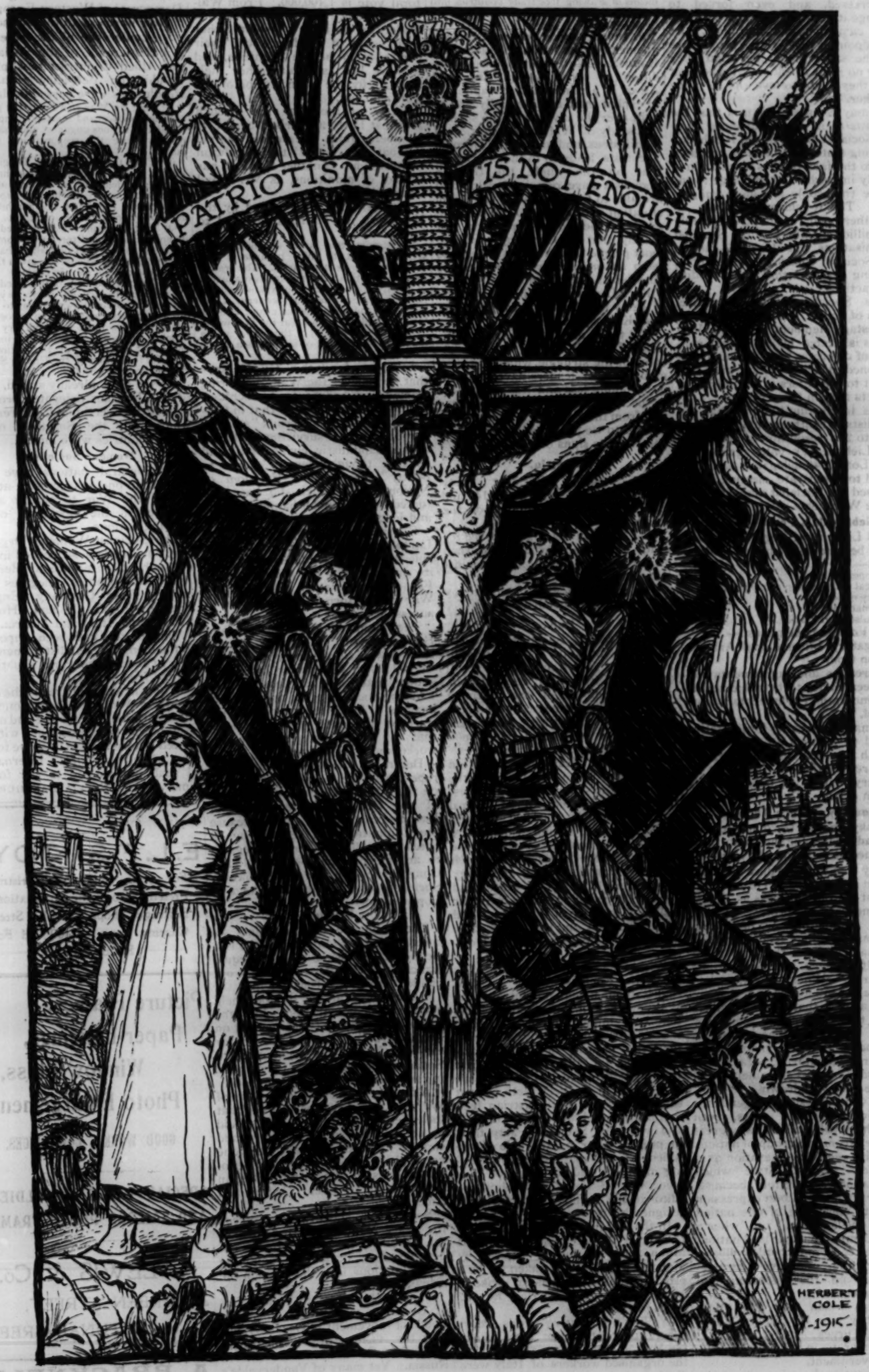
The franchise question has also been raised in the Reichstag. In Germany the franchise is based on a three class system, according to income. Haase speaking for the Socialist Party protested that the soldiers ought not to be allowed to come home from the war and find that, because they have suffered a loss in their earning capacity through injuries received at the front, they would be stamped as citizens of a lower grade and that their votes would count less than they used to.

Whilst many Socialist Members of the Reichstag, and some of the other Socialist newspapers have allowed the ideal of international working class solidarity to fall into the background, the *Vorwaerts* has remained consistently true.

When Italy was attacked for remaining neutral, instead of joining her allies Austria and Germany, the *Vorwaerts* applauded her for refusing to plunge her people into war. When the French Socialists joined the Government and even attacked their German comrades, the *Vorwaerts* defended them and explained and excused their inconsistency.

Whilst striving for international, solidarity the *Vorwaerts* has fought most strenuously to keep the struggle for freedom alive at home, protest-

(Continued on page 388, col. 1.)



1915

THE WORKERS' INTERNATIONAL.

(*Continued from page* 386.)

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2. The widest possible independence for nationalities and races, even should this involve taking away great territories from one group of nations alone. He regards annexation as a misfortune to the State which annexes another's territory, because, "democracy finds its best expression in a State consisting of one nation speaking one language," and "when a State is composed of various nationalities they come into hostile collision with each other, and have a paralysing effect on the economic and political process."

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(*Continued from page 386.*)

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ONE OF OUR MATES.

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A VICIOUS SYSTEM.

At a time when every mention of a state other than War is catalogued as a heinous crime, a book treating of the effects of warfare—both in peace and war times—is a welcome antidote.

"Put up the Sword"* by Miss Adela Pankhurst, is written, as she says in the Foreword, "to assail a vicious system, not the persons, who are merely the tools of the system." Having made this clear, she attacks the Jingo spirit wherever ti comes her way, which is in all countries out for conquest and commercial gain. The peoples of these countries—our own included—are never allowed to think that the sword is resorted to from anything but an altruistic motive; though long before such struggles are concluded, the initial high motives are supplanted by greed for territory, power and gain.

Great Britain's victories, which won the territory, which goes to form her present great Empire, prove this. There has invariably been a pretext of liberating a race or country from some real or imaginary wrong, with the result that these countries become British territory, or at least come under the protectorate of that Empire. We need only look at a map of the world, and see how the British posessions—painted red—include all the nations she started out to liberate!

The present excuse for the British participation in the European War:—the "liberation of small nationalities," Miss Pankhurst has the courage to dismiss and substitute:—"We are fighting for supremacy, to impose not our rule, but our domination over the world in the name of liberty. In fact to do ourselves what we accuse Germany of doing."

For these and similar honest views, the author seems to hear the taunt "pro-German," and devotes a whole chapter to explaining away any such imputations; but an impartial critic must admit that if there is any "pro" in this book it is "pro" just, or humane Government.

The military system, or idea in every country exposes the world to the awful horrors of wars; for no people will swallow the excuse of an "armed peace," least of all the armament manufacturers. The genealogical tree of the British Armanent Ring—which is as interlaced with Germany as our own Royal House—is ably set forth. Nor do the various relations of our men in high offices with these firms escape the author's vigilance. From the numerous examples let us examine Armstrong-Whitworth's; this firm contains no less than 60 noblemen or their relatives, 15 baronets, 20 knights, eight members of Parliament, 20 military and naval officers. Is further proof necessary to show that exploitation and profit are at the root of warfare?

Atrocities, real or overdrawn, committed by Germany in this present conflict, compare not unfavourably with those perpetrated by Belgium in the Congo, Russia in China, and Great Britain in South Africa, or in the majority of countries where the British soldier has set foot. The uniformity of all such cruelty in war time seems to arise from the letting loose of all unbridled passions, the apparent cheapness of human life, and "that sense of national acquisitiveness and conceit which is called Patriotism."

That more highly civilised races have a duty towards less cultured nations, the author regards as justifiable; but the vicious results of garrisoning European troops in tropical climates, so vividly enumerated, make one shudder and wish that each nation should be left to work out its own salvation.

No matter what the advantages of Empire may be, the price paid is too high—read Miss Pankhurst's chapter on the "Price of Empire," and ask yourself, do *you* want to boast that you belong to a great Empire at such a cost to humanity?

The possibility of Germany conquering and monopolising countries like Belgium or Australia is ridiculed; but neither does this book favour a conquered Germany. The futility of all conquest is seen, if we examine how most conquered races are regaining their liberty bit by bit. A crushed Germany would mean that a future war between ourselves and our Allies, plus Germany, would loom in the distance. Miss Parkhurst, like all Britishers who have lived away from England, seems to recognise that England has no friends—only fear and the hope of advantage make nations side with her.

"When we decide to make the world a commonwealth, and forego the dream of world-power, there will be a certainty of Peace. But while Britain seeks to rule the waves, and while Germany. France, and Russia seek to rule the land, and in fact while the flag is a commercial asset, even the faintest hope of Peace is illusory."

"Our civilisation is like that of all ancient Empires—the little pinnacle on the top, and the tottering foundations below. Women must make the building solid . . . . In England we must free the land and control the means of life so that the workers enjoy what they produce; we must abolish child labour and open schools and universities to the people."

As a kind of first step towards "making" the building solid, not only for England, but for all involved in this nightmare of bloodshed, the terms of Peace adopted by the International Congress at the Hague are appended. To these the author adds many pertinent suggestions, such as:—"Tropical countries, inhabited by primitive and savage peoples, should be managed by an international commission, on which must be appointed, not tradesmen, nor soldiers, but men and women who are authorities upon and have studied the conditions and character of the people at first hand."

An international federation of workers, both men and women, to agree upon wages, to do away with the existing competition. The remodelling of our social life, that we may produce not for profit, but for use. Education, for the rich, to awaken in them a sense of shame for leading a parasite life on dividends earned by their fellow-creatures; education for workers, to teach them that the very best that civilised man can produce is their natural heritage and that of their children.

"Put up the Sword" is an impartial, if not always absolutely exact, exposition of the existing state of things, showing an intimate knowledge of human suffering, coupled with a keen sense of the hypocrisy of our would-be saviours. Examples proving the instability of Governmental alliances and opinions are well chosen and put in an interesting and readable form.

M. O'C.

*"Put up the Sword," by Adele Pankhurst. Published by the Women's Peace Army, 215 Latrobe Street, Melbourne.

"RESIST NOT EVIL."

At Monmouthshire Assizes recently, a labourer, 50 years of age, called John Bennetts Bailey, was charged under the Defence of the Realm Act, with having written certain documents, one of which was seen by a man who looked over his shoulder whilst he was writing in an Abertillery lodging house.

The prisoner was a student of Tolstoi. He had worked in America and some of the documents complained of were written there before the War, as long ago as 1909. One document was based on a published article by Keir Hardie and another was the result of a dream, it was not intended for publication and was found in the prisoner's pocket.

Judge Bailhache sentenced the man to three months imprisonment and said if the prosecution had charged the prisoner with the graver offence of having written with the intention of doing harm, the matter would have been serious, for the maximum penalty would have been death.

A few years ago we should have thought it impossible that cases of this kind could ever occur again in Great Britain. It was for opinions such as those of John Bennetts Bailey, that Christ was crucified.

An article in the *Daily Chronicle* contains an extraordinary description of the housing in Tyneside towns. It states that in one house two men are sleeping in the same bed and for that are paying 18s. a week each to their landlady. As soon as this bed is vacated it is occupied by two other men coming in from the night shift.

If this is true, where are the Sanitary Authorities, and when will the Ministry of Munitions take the action it has talked so much about?

MARKET VALUE!

Mr. Runciman has promised to receive a deputation of the Railway Clerks' Association to inquire into the grievances which have arisen from the substitution of women for men.

At the end of October there were 1,224 women employed on the Great Central Railway, 760 of whom were doing office work. A woman supervisor of the line has been appointed to whom complaints can be made. The women are paid a slightly lower salary than the men they replace, and are not given any war bonus, which makes the reduction greater.

Six women graduates of the London University are on the clerical staff of the Great Western Railway at Paddington.

Are the University trained women also paid lower salaries than the Board School educated men whom they replace? If so, what is the market value of a University degree?

Some men of the Royal Army Medical Corps, according to Mr. Jowett, are required to do charing as part of their work. Their civil posts are taken by women, and Mr. Jowett seemed to think that women should do the charing!

Perhaps, now that an R.A.M.C. man does charing, its status will be raised!

A West Ham glass manufacturer was recently summoned by one of the women Factory Inspectors for employing girls between 14 and 15 years, for 16 hours at a stretch, and during the night. Every regulation had been broken; the girls were employed on processes at which the law states that girls may not work, the girls had not been certified as physically fit for work by a doctor and no register of their names was kept.

The employer's only defence was that the girls were employed on Government work. He was fined £5. Everyone knows that a fine of £5 is as nothing to the profit to be made by employing poor little sweated girls on big well-paid Government contracts. No doubt the employer will take the risk of doing it again. We are always opposed to harsh punishments entailing long sentences of imprisonment. We consider that these merely brutalise and degrade, but it is obvious that the fair and logical way to prevent exploitation by employers of labour, is to make it too costly to break the law.

JOIN THE LEAGUE OF RIGHTS.

Mr. Anderson stated that Private M'Adams, of the Poplar and Stepney Rifles, was arrested by the police on the charge of being an absentee, although he was attending to his wife, who was seriously ill. When M'Adams was sent back to his home in the East End he found his wife dead.

"Can a man soldier with a wife and three children starving at home?" asked Samuel Brook a gunner in the Royal Garrison Artillery, when he was charged as an absentee at Marylebone Police Court. He explained that he had gone home because his wife's allowance had been stopped without cause, and she and the children had neither food nor fire. Brooks was handed over to the military escort and taken back a prisoner to his regiment.

Mrs. Brooks should join the League of Rights for Soldiers' and Sailors' Wives and Relatives.

For information about the LEAGUE OF RIGHTS send to the League Secretary, 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

FOR WORKING WOMEN.

The Joint Committee of the University of London for the Promotion of the Higher Education of Working People is anxious to arrange additional University classes for working women, and to receive suggestions as to where these should be held, and what subjects should be taken. It is suggested that the classes should be on Saturday afternoons; subjects may be Literature, History (English, Economic, or European), Sociology, Astronomy, or another branch of science, or whatever subject might be decided on by the students.

The classes would be held weekly for ten or twelve weeks in some convenient place; the fee would be quite nominal, so as not to exclude the poorest.

We should be glad to hear from any of our readers who would like to join such classes in the new year.

THE "POUND OF FLESH."

Miss K. A. Raleigh was fined £3 and 31s. costs at Stratford-on-Avon, for refusing to fill up completely the National Register Forms. She had stated that she was of full age, instead of giving her exact age, and in reply to the question as to whether any persons were partially dependent on her, she had replied "M.P.s"

In regard to Government work she had answered:—

"(1) I do not think it right to undertake any Government work unless I have a guarantee that I shall be paid the standard rate of wages hitherto paid for the kind of work that I am asked to undertake, with the increase of any war bonus or increase of wages that may be granted owing to the war, and that if the work is unskilled and the wages hitherto paid for it have been low, I shall not be engaged to do it at a lower wage than 7d. an hour. I consider that women's labour should be safeguarded by the possession of the Parliamentary Vote. (2) Provided also that I am to be employed directly by the Government and not by a contractor or sub-contractor."

When Miss Raleigh returned to Uxbridge the authorities again tried to induce her to fill up the form as *they* thought fit, without success.

On behalf of the Urban District Council, Mr. Harvey appeared to prosecute her in the Uxbridge Petty Sessions, but the Chairman of the Bench decided that he had not proved that he was the proper person to prosecute, and the case was dismissed.

THE "TREASURE."

We have received a document, entitled "Manifesto of Protest," issued by Mr. Ben Tillet, of the Dock Workers Executive, protesting against the new regulations of the Central Control Committee on the Liquor Traffic, which he declares to be "a dangerous and bureaucratic imposition upon the workers in particular and the people in general." He declares that "already the policy of libeling the workers and distorting small faults into vices has aroused the keenest resentment."

So far we agree with Mr. Tillet. It certainly seems to us an impertinence that the Government should place restrictions on other people which are not extended to the House of Commons, and, of course, we know that none of the Control Board's regulations will affect the rich man in the least. Moreover, we believe that it is not coercion that will cure intemperance, but better social conditions.

Nevertheless, we must ask how it is that the voice of Mr. Tillet was not heard protesting against the bureaucratic and coercive powers of the Munitions Act, which has dealt a most formidable blow at the power of Trade Unions, and has interfered far more dangerously with the lives and liberties of the workers than any mere restriction of facilities for drinking can do.

Women have been brought in at sweated wages to replace men; food and fuel prices have been raised with impunity; rents have gone up, and families have been evicted—but only when the *drink* is touched, does Mr. Ben Tillet's protest reach the public ear. Christ said in the sermon on the Mount: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

CHRISTMAS EVE.

TO MAN THE COMFORTABLE.

Hark, O, Hark the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born heavenly King!
Come near the fire and closer draw
the ring,
Lest we may see the grey of human
ways
About us: children's voices sing the
praise
Of Him who was the hope of mortal
days;
Peace comes to-night; while out in
the cold street
Men starve and drag along slow weary
feet.
Soul, oh Man, and body hast thou sold
Of some, thy brethren from the bed of
Wrong,
And doomed the rest, through bitter
greed of gold,
Stout sinew and strong life, to bend
and plod
In dull mechanic toil, oh Century-long
Abomination in the face of God!

ERIC CHAPPELOW.

MEETINGS LIST.

Friday, Dec. 17th.

Grundy Street, 11 a.m., Mrs. Drake, Miss Manicom.

Poster Parade, 11.30 a.m., 5 Duke Street, Strand, W.C.

Poplar Women's Hall, 3 p.m., Miss Lynch, Mrs. Drake.

Bow Women's Hall, 7.30 p.m., International Mediation Debate.

Saturday, Dec. 18th.

Poster Parade, 3 p.m., 5 Duke St., Strand, W.C.

Well Street and Morning Lane, 3.30 p.m., Mr. Mackinlay, Miss Beamish

Nursery Children's Party, 438 Old Ford Rd., 3 to 6 p.m.

Christmas Dinner Party, 7.30 p.m., 400 Old Ford Rd.

Sunday, Dec. 19th.

Hyde Park, 3 p.m., Mrs. Leigh Rothwell, Mrs. Drake.

Poplar Women's Hall, 7.30 p.m., Mrs. Walshe, Mr. Sorensen. Chair: Mrs. Drake.

"Whitehouse," 11.30 a.m., Miss Manicom, Mrs. Boyce.

Monday, Dec. 20th.

Bow Women's Hall, 8 p.m., General Meeting.

Custom House, 4.30 p.m., Miss Manicom, Miss Beamish.

Follett St., 6 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier, Mrs. Drake.

Tuesday, Dec. 21st.

Rubber Factor, Hackney Wick, 1.30 p.m., Miss Manicom, Mrs. Holloway

Bow Women's Hall, 3 p.m., Mrs. McLeod, Miss Lynch.

175 Dalston Lane, 3 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier, Miss Beamish.

Poplar Women's Hall, 8 p.m., Mr. Godbold, Mrs. Drake.

Wednesday, Dec. 22nd.

53 St. Leonard St., 3.30 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier.

Chrisp St., 6 p.m., Mr. Mackinlay, Miss Manicom.

Thursday, Dec. 23rd.

55 Fife Road, 3 p.m., Mrs. Parsons.

175 Dalston Lane, 8 p.m., Miss Beamish.

SUFFRAGE CLUBS. Poplar, 20 Railway St., 8 to 10 p.m., Wednesdays.

Bow, 400 Old Ford Road, Mondays and Fridays 8 to 10. p.m.

To reach Old Ford Road take an Old Ford 'bus (No. 8), which goes via the Marble Arch, Oxford St., the Bank and Liverpool St., or book to Old Ford Station on the North London Railway.

THE WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT.

We publish below a list of regular Street DREADNOUGHT Pitches, where we shall be very grateful for the help of more sellers and buyers. The name of a newsagent near is given where the paper can always be obtained, should a seller not be present at the pitch.

DAILY.

Tottenham Court Road, 11.30 to 1.30—"Horseshoe" News Stand.

Mudie's Library—3 to 5—Parlons, 4 Museum Street.

Liverpool Street—Metropolitan Arcade exit, 5 to 7.

WEEKLY.

Monday—Bank, 12 to 2. Kingsway (Holborn end, near Tube entrance) 4.30 to 6.30—Blind Man's News Stand, Kingsway.

Tuesday—Gray's Inn Road (Chancery Lane end) 4.30 to 6.30—J. Bull, Gray's Inn Road.

Friday—Piccadilly Circus (outside D. H. Evans) 2.30 to 4.30. Outside Arcade Street Station, 3 to 4.30.

Saturday—Holborn Town Hall, 11.30 to 1.30—Rose, Clerkenwell Road. Highbury Station, 3 to 5—Fleet, 109 Upper Street.

The DREADNOUGHT was sold outside the Central Hall, Westminster, to the delegates attending the great Conference there.

They were very much interested in our paper, which has, by now, probably travelled with them to almost every working centre of Great Britain, as the various accents heard indicated that few of the Northern and Western provinces were unrepresented.

The name "Dreadnought" was heard everywhere at the luncheon interval, and one delegate after buying a paper, mounted the steps and advertised it in powerful tones which our sellers opposite were forced to envy!

The DREADNOUGHT is on sale at:—

Mrs. CARR, Newport Street, Bolton.
Mr. BARLOW, Knowsley Street, Bolton.
Mr. HOLT, Bradshawgate, Bolton.
Mr. WATSON, Bradshawgate, Bolton.
———, Bath Street, Bolton.

SUFFRAGISTS
BUY ALL YOUR LITERATURE FROM
THE INTERNATIONAL SUFFRAGE SHOP
5 DUKE ST., CHARING CROSS.
Feminist and General Booksellers, Xmas Cards, Books and E.L.F.S. Toys.
ALL SUFFRAGE NEWSPAPERS.

MOTHERS AND BABIES.

The calls on our four mother and baby centres, for milk, eggs, medicines, and doctoring and nursing care, are still very urgent. Will you help by sending us some money for this work?

Will you send us new laid eggs, arrowroot, barley, glaxo or virol?

We want:—For baby, four gowns, four barrows, two flannel bands, twelve napkins, three vests, and a cot blanket; for mother, two nightgowns, woollen shawl, three towels, two sheets, and a pair of pillow cases.

Mothers and Children should make a point of attending the weekly consultations with nurse and doctor at:—

400 Old Ford Rd., Bow, Mondays 2.30 p.m.; 20 Railway St., Poplar, Tuesdays 3 p.m.; 53 St. Leonard's St., Wednesdays 4.15 p.m.; 55 Fife Rd., Canning Town, Mondays, 2 to 4 p.m.

The Nursery at 438 Old Ford Road, Bow, will close on Dec. 24th, and reopen Wednesday morning, Dec. 29th.

EAST LONDON FEDERATION OF THE SUFFRAGETTES.

OBJECTS: To secure the Parliamentary Vote for every Woman over 21, and to promote the Social and Industrial Welfare of Women.
Entrance Fee...1d. Subscription...1d. a Month

I wish to join the EAST LONDON FEDERATION OF THE SUFFRAGETTES.

Name.....

Address.....

I enclose 1½d. to cover Membership Fee and postage.

E.L.F.S. GENERAL MEETING, Monday, December 20th, at 400 Old Ford Road, 8 p.m.

Business:

Arrangements for our Annual Conference.
The Votes for Women Situation; Political Campaign in the New Year.

Members are asked to pay up their Subscriptions before the end of the year.

OFFICERS AND SOME OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE E.L.F.S.

NORAH L. SMYTH — SYLVIA PANKHURST — BARBARA TCHAYKOVSKY, M.D.

MISS BALCHIN — MRS. DRAKE — MRS. PAGE
MRS. PASCOE — MRS. MANLE — MRS. PARSONS
MRS. JESSIE LANSBURY — MRS. MCCHEYNE

SUNDAY MEETINGS,

December 19th.

HYDE PARK, 3 p.m.
Mrs. Leigh Rothwell and Mrs. Drake.

POPLAR WOMEN'S HALL,
20 Railway Street, 7.30 p.m.
Mrs. Walshe. - Mr. Sorensen.
Chair - - Mrs. Drake.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

BOW BATHS HALL,
Thursday, January 6th, 4 to 7 p.m.

POPLAR TOWN HALL,
Saturday, January 22nd, 4 to 7 p.m.

CANNING TOWN,
Arrangements announced later.

Boys and girls who have many toys given to them at Christmas should send some of them to Nurse HEBBES, at 438 Old Ford Road, Bow, for the East End Children.

BRANCH REPORTS.

BOW.

400 OLD FORD ROAD.
Secretary: MISS LYNCH.

At last Tuesday's meeting two members volunteered to canvas ten other members regularly for monthly subscriptions, and to keep them in touch with the movement. This is a most useful offer, as some members cannot attend the meetings every week. We should gratefully receive other such offers. The Tuesday meetings are being much better attended. Miss Mary Carr helped with Paper selling again this Sunday.

Members are asked to help to make the International Debate on Friday a great success. Also remember the Dinner on Saturday, and be ready to help to make a record sale of our Special Christmas Number of the *Dreadnought*.

Dreadnoughts sold week ending Dec. 11th—805. Miss Lynch 217, Miss O'Brien 200, Mrs. Holloway 133, Miss Smyth 98, Mrs. Payne 37, Mrs. Greer 34, Mrs. Farrall 28, Miss Bennett 29, Miss Mackay 21. Bromley—per Mrs. Payne 100.

POPLAR.

THE WOMEN'S HALL, 20 RAILWAY ST.
Secretary: MRS. DRAKE.

Mr. Godbold on Sunday evening and Miss Smyth on Tuesday evening made very interesting speeches. Open-air meeting in Chrisp St. on Wednesday, and on Friday mid-day, when 34 Papers were sold.

The Poplar members' contributions to the "Pound Day" amounted to 10s. Members are thanked for their help in delivering letters and contribution cards. If any members have been overlooked, or have not received a letter, they should call in at the office, so that all subscriptions will be brought up-to-date by the end of the year. Some have moved and we have not their new addresses. Mr. Edy, Mr. Retzlaff, Mr. Lagading, and Mr. Aldridge have been working very hard all this week with the white-washing and paper-hanging of this Hall, and are heartily thanked. We shall still be pleased to receive donations towards the expense of the materials. The time is also drawing nearer for our Children's Party. We have received promises of support for this, and will welcome more.

Dreadnoughts sold week ending Dec. 11th—223. Miss Manicom 60, Mrs. Shlette 51, Miss K. Lagading 33. Collections—Miss E. Lagading & Miss Morley 18s. 11d., Mrs. Drake 9s. 2d., Miss Manicom 7s. 4d.

Please remember our next Sunday meeting, Mrs. Walshe and Mr. Sorensen will be our speakers; also the International Debate on Friday, Dec. 17th, the Christmas Dinner on Dec. 18th, and the E.L.F.S. New Year's Party. Mrs. Drake wishes to thank most sincerely those members who sent the cross of flowers for her father.

SOUTH WEST HAM.

Centre for Tidal Basin: 55 FIFE ROAD.
Hon. Sec.—MRS. DAISY PARSONS, 94 Ravenscroft Road.

All members are thanked who helped to make our Social such a success. Mr. Stone, of Bow, is thanked for donation to Milk Fund. Members must please pay up all subscriptions before the end of the month, in order to start the new year. Don't forget, there will be no meeting next Thursday.

Dreadnoughts sold—73. Mrs. Millo 28, Mrs. Bird 28, Miss Beamish 17.

HACKNEY.

Offices: 175 DALSTON LANE
(Facing Hackney Downs Station).
Papers can be obtained at this address at any time.

Mrs. Bouvier addressed a very interested meeting at Morning Lane on Saturday morning—21 Papers were sold. Miss Sands is thanked for supporting speaker. She is also thanked for selling Christmas Dinner tickets.

Let us make the sale of the Christmas Number of the *Dreadnought* a record one—it can always be fetched from the office. Members should all try to sell some.

Members and friends should all make a point of coming to the New Year's Party at Bow Baths, on Jan. 8th. Tickets are on sale, price 3d.

Dreadnought sales—92. Miss Beamish 67, Miss Sands 17, General Sales 8.

OTHER SOCIETIES.

NORTH LONDON M.P.U.
Hon. Sec.: MR. H. G. EVERETT,
c/o Mr. Innes, 31 Balmes Road, Southgate Road.

Members are urged to support our Finsbury Park Meeting next Sunday, 3 p.m. Speaker, Mr. Todd. We are glad to have enrolled a new member, Mr. Wilson.

IN MEMORIAM.

All the E.L.F.S. Members will wish to tender their very deep sympathy to Mrs. Drake, in the loss of her father, who died on December 12th, after a few days' illness.

E.L.F.S. members will also regret to learn of the death of Miss Mary Phillips' father, Dr. Phillips, who, all his life, was a most ardent supporter of our cause. We all tender Miss Phillips our very great sympathy in her bereavement which is all the harder for her to bear because she is an only child, and lost her mother also, but little more than a year ago.

PHILLIPS.—On December 14th, at a Nursing Home, William Phillips, M.B.C.M., aged 72.

THE VINEYARD. - - - By GLADYS MENDL.

It was late afternoon. All day long the October sun had been beating down in fierce rays upon the old Italian vineyard, filling the air with a dazzling glare, and calling forth a responsive heat from the baked, cracked earth between the vines.

It had been even a more exhausting day than usual for those employed by the rich "Padrone" to work amongst his fruit, and they longed for the coming of night which would ease them of their toil. It often seemed to them, indeed, as if the rich "Padrone" was more concerned with the well-being of his vines than with the prosperity of any of the human beings whom he employed to cultivate them. It was, after all of small importance in his eyes that the peasants' backs grew bent to breaking with their labours—of still less account that Paolo or Carlo was ill housed, under-clad, and starving even. So long as the berry of the vine bloomed rich and plentiful he would drink fine wine in every season, and sell it too, gathering gold and more gold about him.

Assuredly the afternoon was sultry. Time crawled. The workers in the vineyard toiled on patiently, only casting a glance at the sky from time to time, as if to implore the sun to make his way faster on his downward road. There seemed no relief. Even the fitful breeze was dead which, earlier in the day, had lifted the smaller leaves and curling tips of the tendrils. Everything was quiet but for the buzzing of a stray insect or the rarer tinkle of a cow-bell from some distant pasture land.

One did not usually notice these notes of sound or silence down there in the vineyard; but with the almost imperceptible lengthening of to-day's shadows came a stillness that was strange, and an expectant feeling as of an unknown happening which might at any moment start from the crevices of the mountain tops and find its being. The air grew hotter every minute now instead of cooler. There could be no doubt of it. One old man, looking up from his work to the flaming blue sky with the sun—a vivid ball of fire pouring down relentless heat—and those bald, sharply-defined mountains seeming so unusually near to-day, muttered a prayer to the holiest of his holy saints and crossed himself.

Suddenly then a new note broke through the stillness. Several of the workers looked up swiftly. The sound drew their glance upwards to the ledge of an isolated little terrace which jutted out above. A young man stood there. His back was turned to the vineyard and the valley that stretched away from it. He faced the mountains and the space of sky already tremulously tinged with golden thoughts of sunset. So the Giovenotto was back at work again! His hat lay thrown on the ground beside him, and he stood enwrapped from shoulder to heel in such a great loose overall as Italian workmen wear. Scarcely a day had passed these many weeks but he had appeared on his rocky perch above the vineyard and cheered the toilers with his frequent snatches of whistled melody.

It was obvious he had no thought for the music that he made. His eyes were bright with the keenness of concentration, and his hands flew hither and hither putting finishing touches to the statue before him. It was a beautiful thing, this effigy of Pan, and by far the best work that he had ever done. He recognised this, although the plan of it he had cherished in his mind had been unutterably finer. Still it was good work. At least it was sincere. He knew so much, and it seemed strangely suited to ornament this place that Nature had made so very beautiful. Once more the young man whistled as he worked. He was happy to-day, and never noticed at all how hot the air had grown. He was gladly rounding off his Pan. He wanted to give his little god a soul. He must imbue him with the essence of all mankind's mischief since the beginning. What a mocking expression he had! Any moment, it seemed, he might lift that daintily poised pipe and give life to the silvery music lingering on his lips, only waiting for the signal to be called forth and charm the world back to love and laughter.

The young man stopped for a second in his work, so real and possible did the idea appear to him, so strongly did it hold him. He felt he loved the creature he had brought into being more intensely than any human thing. Very gradually he became conscious of all the workers in the vineyard below. He put down his implements, and looked and listened. They, too, were listening and waiting. The young man asked himself for what they could be waiting. He felt it was something bound to come; that it was coming soon. He trembled. Beads of sweat broke out upon his forehead. With a suddenly revealed vision of waiting and inexorable nature, an awful terror assailed him. The voice of an old woman, raised in a nasal monotone, pierced the stillness and came up to him. She was praying. Fevered, he tried to join his voice to her supplications. It was in vain. His throat was dry, his tongue swollen; he could only wait. And for what? Holy Mother of God—for what? He did not know. Only a grisly instinct told him . . . .

At last it came with a dull roar. The mountains, with their cruel outlines, staggered before his eyes. The landscape and the sky grew one, and lurid in hue. Sounds of slipping earth and crumbling terraces came from all sides. The ground swung like a pendulum beneath his feet.

Shrieks and sobs arose from the vineyard. The young man fell upon his knees mad with the terror of it all. The thought of his statue forced itself suddenly upon his memory, His laughing Pan, child of his brain, fruit of his loving labours! Where was it? It would fall and it would break. The work of his life would be shattered. With an effort he regained his feet. He saw it there upon its pedestal before him, safe but tottering. With one bound he was beside it. Again the earth heaved beneath him. He felt himself stagger, saw his statue sway. With a cry he flung his body towards it, and caught it as it fell.

. . . . . .

When all was quiet again, late into the night, quite by accident they found him lying there. He was still and smiling and very white of face, save for the gash upon his forehead. Close beside him, encircled lovingly by his still clinging arms, was the statue.

At first the masterpiece seemed safe and whole. It was only when they freed it from his faithful hold, and set it once again upon its pedestal beneath the shadows of the mountains, that they perceived how incomplete it was—for Pan had lost his flute.

"PATRIOTISM IS NOT ENOUGH."

BY EDITH R. MANSELL-MOULLIN.

Never, perhaps, in the history of the world has the Christmas message been more needed than to-day. Hearts are growing faint, eyes are growing dim with watching for the Prince of Peace holding aloft the olive branch, ears are straining to hear the angels' song of "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

We look out over the fields of Europe, and, instead of finding them wrapped in their wintry swaddling clothes of pure white, we see them everywhere stained with blood.

The bells are ringing not for Peace! Peace! but for War! War! red War! —the slaughter of brother by brother.

Wonderful, amazing has been the response to the call of patriotism. Tens of thousands have come forward and have died for their countries, and always others are pouring in to fill up the gaps. It seems as if nothing can stop this world-war fever, for the cry of patriotism will arouse, in every land, all but the most sluggish. Yet we feel we must fain apply to it the well-known lines, "O! patriotism, patriotism, how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

Is there no silver lining to the dark cloud which is overshadowing our sad world? Is there no rift through which the light can be discerned? Must we who long for peace and progress sink into despair? No, indeed—for now, as in every age, a witness has been vouchsafed. That witness to-day is a woman, who has given us an imperishable example of how to tread "the great world's altar stairs that slope through darkness up to God." The altar has claimed its victim, but the sacrifice is not in vain, for Edith Cavell has shown us not only how to die, but how to live. "Patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone." This is her counsel of perfection, and her words convey the self-same message which was sung by the angels two thousand years ago—"Peace on earth. Goodwill to men." No hatred, no bitterness! How it puts to utter shame those who are talking of reprisals!

Dear friends in the Woman's Movement, we who are working for the greatest cause in the whole world—the cause of human freedom—must see to it that our Sister's message becomes a Living Truth. It is not the work we do, but the spirit in which we do it that counts!

I do not think there has been "hatred" in the past towards anti-Suffragists. Our feelings have chiefly been pity and sorrow for their blindness; but, alas! there has been "bitterness" not only towards Antis, but even towards those who are working for the same cause, though on different lines. All this must be a thing of the past—"hushed be every thought that springs from out the bitterness of things"—if we are to help, and not hinder, the great task which lies before us.

Our work is to rouse *all* women to their responsibility, for the future of the race and *the peace of the world* depend upon the woman's voice being heard in the government of all nations.

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BY K. OUTHWAITE.

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To me, as a woman, it seems almost inconceivable that men, in whose hands lies the destiny of the nation, could have found it in their hearts to increase the price of the necessities of existence in order to pay the bill for the killing of strong young men.

What a topsy-turvy world we live in! But this has become the age of "impossible" things. Who, outside a lunatic asylum, a little while ago, would have dreamed it possible to go on spending £5,000,000 a day for an unlimited period in destroying all that centuries of toil and human knowledge have built up in the foremost continent of the globe? The very foundations of life are being shaken by the mighty conflict, and this is first felt in the material condition of the home.

A practical woman asks herself the question, how is this to be stopped, is it possible to check the disaster?

To the comforting of one's mind, there is a potent means provided in the opening up of the land for the production of food and of other raw materials.

The anomaly of importing vast supplies into this country, at great expense, in time of war, with thousands and thousands of fertile acres lying untilled, or only partially used, at our very doors, is something which lays a nation open to the charge of the grossest inefficiency.

In times of peace the evil was not so patent, because, as a manufacturing people, enjoying Free Trade, we were able to pay for food imports by the goods bought from us by other countries. But in time of war our factories are kept busy supplying us and our Allies with munitions of war, clothing for the troops, and so on. Consequently we are not now making goods with which to pay for the food supplies we are buying from America in particular. In fact we are running heavily into debt. That debt is being piled up day by day and will have to be paid back sometime by further taxation. Is that taxation to fall again on the necessities of life?

Germany, in consequence of the blockade by our navy, which cuts her off from the rest of the world to a very great extent, is learning a useful lesson,—namely to make the best use of the land within her own borders. Even the poorest land, one hears, is being planted with potatoes.

Our Government is in need of money and is racking its brains for some new source of revenue. Here is one under its very eyes. A tax on the site value of the land in the Commonwealth of Australia, in the Dominions of New Zealand and Canada, has had the effect of bringing in large sums to the respective Treasuries, and at the same time of forcing land into its best use, thereby making production and employment go hand in hand.

The benefits of this tax are so obvious, that one can only be driven to the conclusion that a Cabinet composed of rich men, landowners themselves, or closely connected with great landowners, regard the land of Great Britain as sacrosanct, and are prepared, rather than lay hands upon it, to sacrifice the poor and the great majority of the people, by taxing their food and making life of no account.

Not only is life counted a very small thing upon the battlefields of Europe, but in the homes of the people of all the nations toll in the lives of the poor is being taken daily, taken to feed the Moloch of War, and the hardly less greedy and insatiable god embodied in the power which is wielded by those who possess that storehouse of nature, that giver of all that is needed for the wants of man—the LAND.

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THE VINEYARD. - - - By GLADYS MENDL.

It was late afternoon. All day long the October sun had been beating down in fierce rays upon the old Italian vineyard, filling the air with a dazzling glare, and calling forth a responsive heat from the baked, cracked earth between the vines.

It had been even a more exhausting day than usual for those employed by the rich "Padrone" to work amongst his fruit, and they longed for the coming of night which would ease them of their toil. It often seemed to them, indeed, as if the rich "Padrone" was more concerned with the well-being of his vines than with the prosperity of any of the human beings whom he employed to cultivate them. It was, after all, of small importance in his eyes that the peasants' backs grew bent to breaking with their labours—of still less account that Paolo or Carlo was ill housed, under-clad, and starving even. So long as the berry of the vine bloomed rich and plentiful he would drink fine wine in every season, and sell it too, gathering gold and more gold about him.

Assuredly the afternoon was sultry. Time crawled. The workers in the vineyard toiled on patiently, only casting a glance at the sky from time to time, as if to implore the sun to make his way faster on his downward road. There seemed no relief. Even the fitful breeze was dead which, earlier in the day, had lifted the smaller leaves and curling tips of the tendrils. Everything was quiet but for the buzzing of a stray insect or the rarer tinkle of a cow-bell from some distant pasture land.

One did not usually notice these notes of sound or silence down there in the vineyard; but with the almost imperceptible lengthening of to-day's shadows came a stillness that was strange, and an expectant feeling as of an unknown happening which might at any moment start from the crevices of the mountain tops and find its being. The air grew hotter every minute now instead of cooler. There could be no doubt of it. One old man, looking up from his work to the flaming blue sky with the sun—a vivid ball of fire pouring down relentless heat—and those bald, sharply-defined mountains seeming so unusually near to-day, muttered a prayer to the holiest of his holy saints and crossed himself.

Suddenly then a new note broke through the stillness. Several of the workers looked up swiftly. The sound drew their glance upwards to the ledge of an isolated little terrace which jutted out above. A young man stood there. His back was turned to the vineyard and the valley that stretched away from it. He faced the mountains and the space of sky already tremulously tinged with golden thoughts of sunset. So the Giovenotto was back at work again! His hat lay thrown on the ground beside him, and he stood enwrapped from shoulder to heel in such a great loose overall as Italian workmen wear. Scarcely a day had passed these many weeks but he had appeared on his rocky perch above the vineyard and cheered the toilers with his frequent snatches of whistled melody.

It was obvious he had no thought for the music that he made. His eyes were bright with the keenness of concentration, and his hands flew hither and hither putting finishing touches to the statue before him. It was a beautiful thing, this effigy of Pan, and by far the best work that he had ever done. He recognised this, although the plan of it he had cherished in his mind had been unutterably finer. Still it was good work. At least it was sincere. He knew so much, and it seemed strangely suited to ornament this place that Nature had made so very beautiful. Once more the young man whistled as he worked. He was happy to-day, and never noticed at all how hot the air had grown. He was gladly rounding off his Pan. He wanted to give his little god a soul. He must imbue him with the essence of all mankind's mischief since the beginning. What a mocking expression he had! Any moment, it seemed, he might lift that daintily poised pipe and give life to the silvery music lingering on his lips, only waiting for the signal to be called forth and charm the world back to love and laughter.

The young man stopped for a second in his work, so real and possible did the idea appear to him, so strongly did it hold him. He felt he loved the creature he had brought into being more intensely than any human thing. Very gradually he became conscious of all the workers in the vineyard below. He put down his implements, and looked and listened. They, too, were listening and waiting. The young man asked himself for what they could be waiting. He felt it was something bound to come; that it was coming soon. He trembled. Beads of sweat broke out upon his forehead. With a suddenly revealed vision of waiting and inexorable nature, an awful terror assailed him. The voice of an old woman, raised in a nasal monotone, pierced the stillness and came up to him. She was praying. Fevered, he tried to join his voice to her supplications. It was in vain. His throat was dry, his tongue swollen; he could only wait. And for what? Holy Mother of God—for what? He did not know. Only a grisly instinct told him . . . .

At last it came with a dull roar. The mountains, with their cruel outlines, staggered before his eyes. The landscape and the sky grew one, and lurid in hue. Sounds of slipping earth and crumbling terraces came from all sides. The ground swung like a pendulum beneath his feet.

Shrieks and sobs arose from the vineyard. The young man fell upon his knees mad with the terror of it all. The thought of his statue forced itself suddenly upon his memory, His laughing Pan, child of his brain, fruit of his loving labours! Where was it? It would fall and it would break. The work of his life would be shattered. With an effort he regained his feet. He saw it there upon its pedestal before him, safe but tottering. With one bound he was beside it. Again the earth heaved beneath him. He felt himself stagger, saw his statue sway. With a cry he flung his body towards it, and caught it as it fell.

* * * * * * *

When all was quiet again, late into the night, quite by accident they found him lying there. He was still and smiling and very white of face, save for the gash upon his forehead. Close beside him, encircled lovingly by his still clinging arms, was the statue.

At first the masterpiece seemed safe and whole. It was only when they freed it from his faithful hold, and set it once again upon its pedestal beneath the shadows of the mountains, that they perceived how incomplete it was—for Pan had lost his flute.

"PATRIOTISM IS NOT ENOUGH."

BY EDITH R. MANSELL-MOULLIN.

Never, perhaps, in the history of the world has the Christmas message been more needed than to-day. Hearts are growing faint, eyes are growing dim with watching for the Prince of Peace holding aloft the olive branch, ears are straining to hear the angels' song of "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

We look out over the fields of Europe, and, instead of finding them wrapped in their wintry swaddling clothes of pure white, we see them everywhere stained with blood.

The bells are ringing not for Peace! Peace! but for War! War! red War! —the slaughter of brother by brother.

Wonderful, amazing has been the response to the call of patriotism. Tens of thousands have come forward and have died for their countries, and always others are pouring in to fill up the gaps. It seems as if nothing can stop this world-war fever, for the cry of patriotism will arouse, in every land, all but the most sluggish. Yet we feel we must fain apply to it the well-known lines, "O! patriotism, patriotism, how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

Is there no silver lining to the dark cloud which is overshadowing our sad world? Is there no rift through which the light can be discerned? Must we who long for peace and progress sink into despair? No, indeed—for now, as in every age, a witness has been vouchsafed. That witness to-day is a woman, who has given us an imperishable example of how to tread "the great world's altar stairs that slope through darkness up to God." The altar has claimed its victim, but the sacrifice is not in vain, for Edith Cavell has shown us not only how to die, but how to live. "Patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone." This is her counsel of perfection, and her words convey the self-same message which was sung by the angels two thousand years ago—"Peace on earth. Goodwill to men." No hatred, no bitterness! How it puts to utter shame those who are talking of reprisals!

Dear friends in the Woman's Movement, we who are working for the greatest cause in the whole world—the cause of human freedom—must see to it that our Sister's message becomes a Living Truth. It is not the work we do, but the spirit in which we do it that counts!

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